37062/A

A Serious Conference

BETWEEN

SCARAMOUCH *and* HARLEQUIN.

Just Publish'd,

A LETTER to the Reverend Mr. *LAW*, Council for the Committee of Convocation, and the two famous Universities; in a Cause depending between them and the Bishop of *Bangor*: With the Characters of some *Oxford* Zealots, and a Catalogue of Synonimous Appellations, for the Use of Young Preachers and Orators in both Universities. By a Free thinker at *Oxford*. Printed for *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane*. Price 1 *s.*

A Serious

CONFERENCE

BETWEEN

SCARAMOUCH

AND

HARLEQUIN,

Concerning THREE and ONE.

WITH A

Dedication to Two Eminent Meetings within the Bills of Mortality.

By MOMOPHILUS CARTHUSIENSIS.

——————*male ſalſus,*
Ridens diſſimulare, meum ſecur urere Bilis.
Hor. Sat. 9. Lib. 1.

LONDON:
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TO THE

Regular PHYSICIANS

Meeting at

TOM's and *BATSON*'s.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following Piece comes addreſſed to you, becauſe you have a Right to it by your Faculty, and not by Merit which deſerves better; I hate Flattery, being of a ſullen reſerv'd Temper, and have a mortal Averſion to Impertinence, which has been improv'd by Education, and confirm'd by long Experience of the Follies of Mankind.

The

The Occaſion is this; t'other Day a Friend (fond of Novelties becauſe they are ſo) recommended to my peruſal, *A Letter to the Fatal Triumvirate* I dipt into it, and found a ſad Defence of the ſaddeſt Fellow alive; yet cou'd plainly perceive more Malice than Ignorance: It provoked me ſo, that reſolv'd to attack him immediately with that redundant Exuberancy of *Bilioſe Salts*, which Wrath ſupplied me with at that preſent; but the ſame Friend dragg'd me by force to the *French* Comedy; which Entertainment mollify'd my Paſſion, inſenſibly ſoothing my Contempt of the generality of Mankind, by burleſquing the whole Species; for the ſame Reaſon, I always keep a Monkey, for my Diverſion in leiſure Hours, becauſe he ſeems by Nature deſigned as a Mimick of our Brutality, for our Mortification and Inſtruction. Coming Home in good Humour, and taking up the Book again, I read it, with quite

different Diſpoſition of Mind; the ridiculous Humours of the Farce were not yet effac'd in my Brain; and every Paragraph I run over, took that whimſical Turn which preſently you'll ſee; I was forced to publiſh it, for the ſame Reaſon that every Author does publiſh, *viz.* becauſe it pleaſes his Fancy, and ſo much for Hiſtory.

Dr. *Byfield* certainly deſerves your *Applauſe*, and Dr. *Tripe* your Thanks for the great *Pains* he has taken; I expect neither: What I have done, is only to eaſe my ſelf: The Subject indeed is inexhauſtible, but enough has been ſaid upon it. If you can prevail upon one of your Fraternity, to publiſh his Lectures at the College, upon the *Spleen*, with his Heretical Appendix againſt *Free-Will*, you may in all Probability have ſome new Diverſion; at leaſt it will not be amiſs to preſcribe him a few *Bitters*, that he may the better be enabled to digeſt

digeſt *Cowper*'s *Muſcles.* But I begin to be ill-natured again; it is happy for the World, I have not Parts in Proportion to the Severity of my Temper.

Dî bene fecerunt, Inopis me quodque Puſilli
Finxerunt Animi, raro & perpauca Loquentis.
Hor. Sat. IV.

Your Humble

Servant,

Momophilus Carthuſienſis.

A

Serious Conference

BETWEEN

SCARAMOUCH *and* HARLEQUIN.

HARL. WHY how now, *Scarré!* how long haſt thou been a Dabbler in Phyſic? Or is it only to ſhew thy Parts, that thou haſt taken a poor deſerted *Greſhamite* into thy favour.

SCAR. No, *Harlequin*, I'm in earneſt, and I ſeriouſly undertake his Cauſe, for the ſake of Truth.

HARL. How! in earneſt, and ſeriouſly, for the ſake of Truth: Poor *Scarré*, why thou wilt be undone, Lad. The World hates Truth, and loves to be merry; and it is thy buſineſs to make it ſo; and if thou didſt but know how ill Gravity becomes thee, thou wou'dſt preſently fall into thy old facetious Trot.

Scar. Nay, I own, that ſuits my Temper beſt; for let me be never ſo careful, when I act a grave Part, yet ſome habitual Geſtures and Grimaces betray my inward Diſpoſition.

Harl. Ay, ay, you may fold your ſelf up as you pleaſe in your large Wrapper, and overſhadow your merry Sconce with a broad Covering; the Fable will ſtill hold good, *the Ears will appear.*

Scar. Not ſo free, good *Harlequin*; tho' we take great Liberties with other People, let us uſe one another well.

Harl. By no means, dear *Mouché*, we muſt treat one another very ſcurvily; leaſt the World take it amiſs when we abuſe them. But then I tell thee what will do as well; we'll reſolve to take nothing ill from either ſide.

Scar. Well, agreed, provided thou art not too hard upon me, for I know thou haſt an unlucky way of getting the Laugh on thy ſide.

Harl. Never fear, Boy! we'll both wear our Maſques, and be *Incognito*, and ſo let them laugh on, and be as merry as they pleaſe, I know who muſt pay the Fidler.

Scar. What? then, *Harlequin*, we muſt appear in Public, muſt we? and upon this Subject.

Harl. No doubt on't, *Scaramouch*, the Town expects it of us; our Performances are at preſent the High Taſte, and to be in Maſquerade will reliſh the Entertainment.

Scar.

Scar. I like the Fancy well enough; but how muſt this be managed, *Harlequin*?

Harl. Why thus, *Scarré*; we'll be like two Lawyers; we'll Scold, and Brawl, and Wrangle, to the ſatisfaction of our Clients, and mean nothing by it all the while, and be very good Friends ſtill.

Scar. Mean nothing by it, *Harlequin*? why, did I not tell you before I was in earneſt: I promiſe you I ſhall plead very warmly for the Doctor; perhaps be a little ill natur'd, and ſometimes more witty than you imagine upon your Clients.

Harl. With all my heart, faith, it will make an admirable Contraſt; nothing can be better than to be in different Tempers, and it will beſt ſuit the Characters of our Clients. Thine is of a Serio-Pragmatico-Comico-Bilioſe Nature; and mine, of a Triumvirate of pleaſant Fellows.

Scar. Ay, you may grin as much as you pleaſe, but when I come to ſolid Argument, I ſhall put ſuch Queries to you, that you w'ont be able to anſwer.

Harl. I own that very poſſible, dear *Mouché*; it is very common with People of thy Abilities.

Scar. My Abilities! my Abilities! you know *Harlequin*, the World is very well appriſed of my Depth in all ſorts of Arts and Sciences: But pray what are you Eminent in?

Harl. Laughing, *Scaramouch*, at all your Depths, Arts and Sciences, which I can be

Maſter of for Thirty Shillings ; beſides, I have *Latin* and *Greek* enough left, ſince I was a Scholar at the *Charter-houſe.*

Scar. *Latin* and *Greek!* all Pedantry, by *Jove* ; What's *Latin* and *Greek,* to noble ingenious Theories in the Works of Nature ?

Harl. Theories ! I tell you the *Charter-houſe* is as eminent for Theories as *Greſham-College.* And—— but I think now we have warm'd our ſelves, we had beſt begin our Pleading.

Scar. You may be ſure, I'm as ready as you ; and I don't queſtion juſtifying the Doctor's admirable Syſtem of the Bile ; and however ridicul'd by his own Countrymen, all Foreigners have a great Eſteem for him ; and that you know.

Harl. I do ſo, eſpecially your *Lipſienſes, homines ſuperioris Seculi.* However I met with one t'other Day, who talking of your Client's Performance, was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf in the following manner : *Revera Domine, nunquam vidi tale de-bile Argumentum.* But now begin, and beſure you ſet out like an *Orator,* with a *Cothurnick Elocution,* and Juſt *Emphaſis.*

Hem ! Hem.

Letter to the Fatal Triumvirate.

Sirs,

Scar. " † That you are aſham'd of your own Names, and dare not appear o- " penly againſt Dr. *Woodward's* Book, but ſhrowd

† Pag. 5.

" ſhrowd your ſelves under the *Cover* and *Pro-*
" *tection* of another, is an equal Proof of your
" *Sincerity* and *Wiſdom*.

HARL. Enough; 'Tis true, * *Nolumus Inquinari Ignavo ſtercore*, we are aſhamed of appearing openly to wreſtle with *T—— m T——d*; we don't care to be defil'd with the *Zibethum Occidentale*, or keep our Friends at a diſtance, by the *Sulphureous Exhalations* of colluctating *Bilioſe Salts*: In this we ſhew our *Wiſdom*; and our *Sincerity*, by warning the World from the like Dangers by our Example.

SCAR. † " *That* you can find no fault with the
" Doctor's Book, but *about* his Manner of ex-
" preſſing himſelf; and his Style being diffe-
" rent from yours, is a greater Compliment
" to Him than you are, perhaps, aware of.

HARL. Why truly that wou'd be a Compliment, if we had found no other Fault; but as the Caſe now ſtands, the Style is the beſt of the Book, and the Sauce that makes the indigeſtible Stuff go down: And I am mightily pleaſed with his new Terms of Art; they will make a rare Supplement to the next Edition of the *Lexicon Technicum*. But think again *Mouché*, my little *Mouché*, is there nothing but *about* his Manner of expreſſing himſelf? nothing *about* the Bile? *about* the Pylorus? *about* the Lacteals? *about* Hump'd Backs? *about* adjourning the Small-Pox? *about*——

SCAR.

---

* Phœdrus. † Pag 6.

Scar. Hold, hold; yes, there is ſomething, but in how ** "Vulgar a way! How common "is it, now a-days, to turn ſerious Things to "Mirth and Drollery; and to banter the "moſt uſeful and important Truths.

Harl. Alas! alas! 'tis a wicked Age, that is the truth on't, *Scaramouch*, and thy Concern for it, gives me pain truly; but be comforted; tho' we do live in Burleſque Times, I can aſſure you, there is many a ſerious, ſound Argument dreſs'd up in a facetious manner; and you know very well, *Scarré*, that a great deal of Impertinence may be veil'd under the Appearance of Gravity, and a bold aſſuming Air. Then conſider, *Scarré*, my Clients have the whole Faculty of Phyſic on their ſide, who univerſally look upon *Woodward*'s Book as ſtuffed with Abſurdities, falſe Anatomy, extravagant Whims, imaginary Principles, inconſiſtent Deductions, ill-adapted Allegories, and fantaſtical Expreſſions; and yet there will be People like your ſelf, who may fancy it a notable Performance, and take him for a Phyſician, becauſe a Doctor. So have I ſeen Puppies careſs and fawn upon a Monkey as belonging to the Family, from his faint Reſemblance to Humane Nature. Shou'd then this falſe Image of a Man, be treated with Serioufneſs? or would it not be more proper to cloath him with Patch-work? and a ſuitable Cap? after the judicious manner practiſed in all Fairs, where he is expoſed in his proper Habit, to divert Blockheads and Country

** Ibid.

Country Boobies. If you ſhould dreſs one in a black tufted Silk Gown and a round Velvet Cap; or another in a Gown and Caſſock, with a broad Beaver and Scarf, all wiſe Men would certainly be offended, tho' poſſibly they might paſs for *Lambeth* Doctors.

SCAR. † " But, do you think, that, if a Man " had a mind to fool away an Hour in your " Way, one cou'd not find amongſt your *Three*, " Matter enough to make one's ſelf, or any " ill natured Creature, very Merry?

HARL. I ſuppoſe you mean, or any *other* ill natur'd Creature; but go on, and let us ſee what a merry Fellow thou art.

SCAR. * " Why, ſuppoſe one ſhould take a " fancy to print one of *Sarum Mortimer's Speeches*, " made at the *College*; and to put it as near as " poſſible in his own Way, with all his *Draw-* "*backs, Self-recatches, Reduplications*, and *Titubations*; " and then to make a few humorous Remarks " upon it; Would not this make even the " moſt ſullen of all *Stoicks* Laugh?

HARL. Thy Remarks might indeed: But prithee, *Scarré*, what is all this Jargon, *Sarum—Mortimer—Speeches—College—Draw-backs—Self-recatches—Reduplications—Titubatinos?*

SCAR. I ſhan't gratify you with a farther Explanation.

HARL. Well, then, I muſt gueſs: Let us ſee, *Sarum, Sarum,*—why that is *Salisbury*;—but what has *Salisbury* to do with Phyſic?

Were

† Ibid. * Page 7.

Were it *Salus-bury*, poſſibly ſomething of Phyſic might be imply'd: So let's proceed; *Mortimer*— *Speeches*— *Draw-backs*— *Self-recatches*— *Reduplications*—*Titubations*. Come, we'll take it this Way——hold, no, that wont do; well, then, begin with *Mortimer*; *Mortimer*—— I'm ſure nobody can make any thing of *Mortimer*; now let's put *Mortimer* and the reſt together: What then? oh! I find your Knavery out, you're nibbling at *Scan. Mag.* are you? If you're thereabouts, I ſhall leave you to the Law.

Scar. Leave me to the Law! 'faith, *Harlequin*, thou art very dull, and thou really know'ſt nothing of the *College*, or *Speeches* there.

Harl. Not of any Remarkable *Speeches*, *Scarré*.

Scar. I believe as much, truly; but I'll try thy Invention once more; perhaps thou know'ſt nothing " of what *Don Pedantio Amichi* hath * ſometime ago publiſh'd; I mean " the ſtrange and wonderful Adventures of a " ſecond *Don Quixote*; wherein he has outdone " the very Soul and Spirit of all Romantic " Lying and Feigning.

Harl. *Don Pedantio Amichi!* Who the Devil's he? Sure thou haſt the worſt Knack in the World at adapting of Names to Perſons thou wouldſt abuſe: *Amichi*, what Language is this.

Scar. I ſuppoſe then that you don't underſtand *Italian*.

Harl

* Page 7.

HARL. *Italian!* Why, I thought you was ſpeaking *Spaniſh*, with your *Don's:* But, pray how do you ſpell *Amichi?*

SCAR. So; I have a fine Task impos'd upon me; why thus, *A—M—I—C—H—I.*

HARL. Very well, 'faith, *Scarré*, but I'm an Oyſter if ever I heard of ſuch a Word in my Life: By *Don Pedantio*, I preſume you underſtand ſomebody skilful in *Greek* and *Latin*, your Abomination: But whoever he is, I may fairly conclude from what you ſaid, that he has wrote a Book, and that ſo well, that Malice it ſelf could not hinder your comparing of it to *Don Quixote*, the beſt of its Nature that ever was penn'd; as for the Spirit and Soul of Romantic Lying, *Cervaantes* deſign'd to expoſe Knight-Errantry, and what was the Intention of the Author you mean, I can't pretend to determine.

SCAR. I find you wont underſtand me.

HAR. I never was good at Riddles in my Life; good *Scarré*, be more Intelligible.

SCAR. Come on then; I'll be plain enough now I warrant you. *"If a Wag were merrily diſpos'd, what ſmart Work might he make wtih a certain Curioſity of an *Eſſay upon Poiſons*; And another moſt whimſical Piece of the *Empire of the Sun and Moon over the Bodies of Men?*

* Page 8.

HARL. Ay, now thou art plain enough; and ſo plain, that thou art plainly a Fool, to imagine that any of thy Flirts can deſtroy the Credit of thoſe two Books, that for ſo long time have received the Approbation of *Connoiſſeurs, né ſutor ultra Crepidam*; thou know'ſt nothing of Poiſons but *Common Draught*, nor of the Influence of the Planets on Human Bodies, unleſs of *Venus and Mercury*.

SCAR. Pray have Patience and let me go on; I ſay, * " It will not at all follow, becauſe a " Man diverts himſelf thus now and then in " the *Philomath Way*, that therefore he don't " underſtand well enough how to get Money " and good Practice.

HARL. Thou art right, once, in thy Conſequences, *Mouché*.

SCAR. † " Or that he don't know how to buy " gawdy Prints or Drawings, any more than " it will follow, that a Cuckold can't be a " Well wiſher to the Mathematicks himſelf.

HARL. Now thou art got into thy wild Note again; why ſhould'ſt thou take ſo much Pains to expoſe thy Ignorance in Pictures? We were very well ſatisfied before (by thy choice of a *Client*) of thy Taſte; and that a *Dutch* Piece of a Mountebank, with all his Grimaces, and Apiſh Geſtures, wou'd give thee more pleaſure than the beſt *Antique Buſt* of an *Hippocrates* or a *Galen*; or a *Kneller*'s Portrait of a *Radcliffe*, a *Mead*, or a *Freind*.

But

* Page 8. † Page 9.

But in the Name of Goodneſs, how came Cuckold into thy Head? The Devil certainly owes thee a Spight; why, Man, it's a Word, that here, in *England*, deſerves the Rougheſt Uſage, becauſe deprived of its genuine Signification; we in *France*, indeed, diſtinguiſh between, *Cocu*, *Cocué*, and *Cocu*, *Cocuant*; tho' the Latter is the real *Cocu*; and is a Metaphorical Expreſſion taken from the Nature of a *Cuckow*, which is to lay its Eggs in other Birds Neſts; and in this Senſe exceeding applicable to a *Well-wiſher* to the Mathematicks, and unleſs you can ſafely affirm, that you never *divert your ſelf in the Philomath Way*, *Ex præmiſſis concludo lepidum noſtrum Scaramouch eſſe verum* Cuculum.

Scar. Why ſuch Ill-natur'd Inuendo's, *Harlequin*? "I don't ſpeak theſe Things out of a "Deſign to reflect upon any one, nor enter "into the Affair of Parties; becauſe, I don't "doubt but an *Oxford Jacobite* may be as good "a *Phyſician*, as one bred in a *Conventicle*.

Harl. Far be it from me, *Scaramouch*, to mean any Perſonal Reflections, or enter into the *Affair* of other Peoples Lives and Education; becauſe I don't doubt, but a *Lambeth Doctor* may be as good a *Phyſician*, as one bred behind a *Counter*.

Scar. Come, come, deal candidly with me; "*for my plain Meaning in all this, is, to ſhew "the Unreaſonableneſs and Unfairneſs of ſuch "Proceedings; and to complain of the Injury "that is done to Dr. *Byfield*, whom all the "World

* Page 9.

" World knows to be a peaceable Man, by " making his Name patronize Perſonal Reflec- " ctions, and poor groveling Malice againſt a " *Gentleman* who never offended him in his " Life.

HARL. What more Proteſtations againſt perſonal Reflections? Well, let's ſee how you will obſerve the *Decorum* you preſcribe. For my part, I love Candidneſs with all my Heart, and ſo, to be very ingenuous with you, I can aſſure you, Dr. *Byfield* does not at all value your Concern for him; nor is he in the leaſt uneaſy at his Name being prefix'd to the Letter to Dr. *Woodward:* He is too good a Judge of Phyſick, and of Wit and Humour, to be under any Diſturbance upon that Account: Whether your *Gentleman* ever offended him, I can't tell, if not, Dr. *Byfield* is the firſt I ever heard of, cou'd ſay ſo much, of all that ever knew him, except your ſelf. I had the good Luck t'other Day to hear Dr. *Byfield's* Notion of Dr. *Woodward*, from his own Mouth at a certain Coffee-Houſe: *Dr.* Woodward *(ſays he) is a meer Novice in the Arcana of Nature, and only a Pretender to Phyſick; we are both indeed Excrement-Mongers, but what has he made of his Bilioſe Salts? I have produced a noble Sal from Urine, taken by the chief Nobility, with great Satisfaction; and till I ſee him, with the ſame Succeſs, make a Lord ſwallow a Sir R———ce, I ſhall eſteem him no better than a common Night-man.*

SCAR. *" But to come a little cloſer to the " Point: Dr. *Woodward* hath, in a ſerious man- " ner,

* Page 10.

" ner, written a Book in Phyſick; and one " full, as I think, of very uſeful and impor- " tant Diſcoveries; and this, for the common " Good of Mankind, he hath kindly commu- " nicated to the Publick.

HARL. It was very kindly done truly; and I do believe the Doctor was ſerious, very ſerious, in writing of that Book; but believe me it's more than I ever yet cou'd find any one to be, in reading of it; and as an Antidote to the Spleen, may well be ſaid to be for the common Good of Mankind. But what an Air you give your ſelf, when you ſay, and one full, *as I think*, of very uſeful and important Diſcoveries: What an *Ipſe Dixit* is here! After ſuch a Diſcovery of thy ſelf, *as I think*, thou ſhould'ſt not talk of any other Diſcoveries; or of their Uſe and Importance, to any, but ſuch, as thou can'ſt make thy ſelf important to.

SCAR. I ſay, * " in this Book he judiciouſly " finds fault with ſeveral Methods of Practice, " which he had obſerved common in the " World; and of this he gives Inſtances, and " aſſigns his Reaſons.

HARL. Thou wilt have *thy* Say I find; and therefore I ſay ſo too; and not only with *ſeveral* Methods of Practice, but *all* Methods of Practice common in the World: This is indeed judiciouſly done, and the only way he had to be even with the reſt of the World, who all unanimouſly find fault with his Method of Practice; and he had ſtill been more Judicious, had

* Page 10.

had he left out his Inſtances and his Reaſons.

Scar. But, * " doth not this require a fair " and ſerious Anſwer from ſuch as differ from " him ?

Harl. No.

Scar. " If you can, by Philoſophy and " Anatomy, diſprove and contradict the Truth " of what he hath advanced, do it and wel- " come.

Harl. Yes.

Scar. ** " The more is written on ſuch Sub- " jects, the greater Light and Truth will be " ſtruck out and diſcovered.

Harl. No.

Scar. † " Is it reaſonable and decent to " treat ſuch an Argument with *Banter* and " Buffoonry ?

Harl. Yes.

Scar. †† " Is not Dr. *Woodward*'s Language proper, clear and intelligible ?

Harl. No.

Scar. ††† " You are ſo conſcious that it is " ſo every where, that you cou'd not produce " one Inſtance to play the Jeſter upon, with- " out quoting him falſely, and groſsly per- " verting his Senſe

Harl. Upon my Faith, *Mouché*, Dr. *Byfield* has not quoted him falſely ; nor perverted his Senſe ;

* Page 10. ** Page 11. † Ibid. †† Ibid. ††† Ibid.

Senſe ; which is full as intelligible in that Epitome, as in his Book at large.

Scar.* " If you will needs have it otherwiſe, " pray find out ſome Relation or *Friend*, that " is a School maſter, and let him diſpute this " doughty Matter, who hath nothing elſe to " do, but mind Gerunds and Supines.

Harl. Oh ! pray don't expoſe your Clients Poſteriors ſo raſhly ; for depend upon it he'll be ſoundly laſh'd ; any School-Maſter will do ; we need not apply our ſelves to a Relation or a *Friend*, I'll promiſe you; you may remember how coarſely he had like to have been handled, for not being able to decline *Anus*.

Scar. Thou art a ſtupid Cur, *Harlequin* ; I find thou didſt not take the Wit of what I ſaid.

Harl. Wit, *Scaramouch* ? Where did it lie ? in *Gerunds* and *Supines* ?

Scar. May be it did, may be not ; but I wou'd fain have the † " grave and ſerious Phy- " ſician, who is intruſted with ſuch valuable " Jewels as the Lives of Mankind, avoid play- " ing the School-boy, and let him try to write " ſomething to the Purpoſe.

Harl. Thou haſt given us ſuch a Sample of a grave and ſerious Phyſician, that I ſhall never love a grave and ſerious Phyſician again, as long as I live ; nor do I know of any ſuch that is fit to be intruſted with the Life of a Man, or able to write any thing to the Purpoſe. Grave and ſerious! thou art wonderfully fond of late of Gravity and Serioufneſs, I ſuppoſe by way of Novelty. Scar.

* Page 11. † Page 12.

Scar. * " 'Tis plain enough, what Princi-
" ples puſhes you on; and which way Dr.
" *Woodward* has drawn your Rage upon him.
" *Nunquam magis torquebis Invidos, quam Virtuti*
" *& Gloriæ Inſerviendo.*

Harl. Now can you in Conſcience ever rail at *Latin* again, or come upon us with your *Pedantio's*; don't you ſee the Uſe of it, how by the Magic of a few Words, one can make a Hero of a Quack? I am mightily pleaſed with it; it renews the Idea of a Scene I once was witneſs to; it was the blowing up of a Rat; when the fatal Contraſt between the Sulphureous and Nitrous Salts took place, and by their *Colluctations huff'd* up into the *Final* Exploſion, exalting the ſordid Vermin into the Air, a commiſerating Stander by, broke out into the following Pathetic Expreſſion; *Sic Itur ad Aſtra*; what cou'd be finer, and more to the Purpoſe?

Scar. Laugh on, † " I remember Dr. *Wood-*
" *ward* received juſt ſuch kind of Treatment
" as this once before, upon the Publication of
" his Excellent *Eſſay towards a Natural Hiſtory*
" *of the Earth.* But alas! it ſignify'd nothing:
" †‡ It only excited a *merry Fellow* to make
" ſome *Remarks* upon them; whereupon all
" their Objections vaniſh'd.

Harl. This merry Fellow, I find, was ſome Body, that you have a more than common Value for, even more than for Dr. *Woodward*; and that grave and ſerious Phyſician I perceive was

* Page 12. † Ibid. †‡ Page 13.

was mightily beholden to a Jeſter that Time, tho' Mirth muſt not be tolerated at preſent. But pray acquaint that merry Fellow, he ſhan't get off ſo now, for we have a *facetious Wagg* on our ſide ſhall hold his Hand out; as for thee thou art my Peculiar.

SCAR. Don't think to bully, I dare anſwer for that *merry Fellow* as for my ſelf: but the Truth is, that * "Book hath ſtood its Ground "ever ſince; ſupported by Obſervations, Rea- "ſon, and the common Senſe of Mankind, "both at Home and Abroad.

HARL. I muſt take the Liberty to alter your Poſition, dear *Scarré*; 'tis true *that Book has ſtood its Ground ever ſince*, and unmoleſted by the common Conſent of Mankind, of common Senſe, both at Home and Abroad; not ſupported by Obſervations and Reaſon; but Shelves and Brackets.

SCAR. † "Let us ſee a little, what kind of "Faults they are, which thus you happily "make your ſelves merry with. ** You ſeem "to plume your ſelves with ridiculing his "Account of the *Bile*; but have you attempt- "ed any thing towards diſproving of Facts? "or can you prove, that it comes not in with "Diet at the Mouth, and ſo paſſes into the "Stomach, but enters the Body at the other "Gate, where the *Zibethum Occidentale* paſſes "forth? and can you demonſtrate, that it is "from

* Ibid. † Ibid. ** Page 14. 15.

" from thence *only*, that in exceſſive Vomiting
" it gets up into the Ventricle ?

HARL. Do you then ſeriouſly, *Scaramouch*, attempt to juſtifie the Doctor's Account of the *Bile*? Do you really think there are no Faults in it? Let me put you a Query or two: What is it you underſtand by Salts, Saccharine, Bitter, Acid, Muriatic, Ammoniac? Have you any clearer Conception of the Bile than you had before? But we'll allow them to be the Produce of its *Analyſis*; Do you know by that, the Properties of the Compoſitum? No doubt when any of the Conſtituent Parts exceed their juſt Proportion, Inconveniences will happen; but has not the other Juices of the Body the ſame Title to do Miſchief as the *Bile*, and for the ſame Reaſon; why muſt that be the only Peccant Fluid in the Body?

SCAR. Becauſe from the Stomach proceeds all the Diſorders of the Body; which is the *Source* and *Reſidence* of the Bile, * and this, as I ſaid, you can't deny; but anſwer me to what I ſaid before.

HARL. What! I muſt prove that the Bile does not come in with the Diet, at the Mouth, and ſo paſs into the Stomach? Truly, *Scarré*, I can't do that: The Aliments certainly ſupply all the Juices of the Body; and after this manner, every *Succus* is contained in the Stomach; but why the *Bile* more than the *Urine*, *Saliva*,

* *Woodward.*

Saliva, *Fat*, *Sperm*, *Mucilage* of the Joints, *Cerumen* of the Ear, or the *Blood* it ſelf? They don't properly obtain thoſe Names, till they have received their ſeveral diſtinct Textures, in their reſpective Elaboratories: And though afterwards very different, yet when their Conſtituent Principles are blended together in the Stomach, they agree very well in healthy Perſons; no *Colluctations*, *Conflicts*, *Turmoiles*, *Huffings*, or *Perturbations*, on the contrary, after a full meal of Varieties, and the Stomach conſiderably diſtended, you ſhall ſee a Room fill'd with *Placid*, ſerene Countenances, the Brain ſuffering no *Anxiety* or *Emotions* from any preſſure on the *Aorta* by a Load of good Chear; however, gentler Fumes may *modulate* it: All this thou can'ſt not deny, my *Scarré*, whoſe joyful Rays of Health, ſo oft have ſhone refulgent, at a well ſpread Table.

But to proceed; as for the Biles being caſt up out of the Stomach in exceſſive Vomitings, the Argument ſtands thus: It is certain, there is Bile in the Stomach in its natural State, that is, when there is no Vomitings, becauſe it is thrown up from it, in its unnatural State, that is, in exceſſive Vomitings; here is Logic for you. But where is the Jeſt, pray, of thy asking, whether the Bile gets up into the Ventricle, from the *Gate* of the *Zibethum Occidentale*? Not but Clyſters have entered that Poſtern, and been pump'd upwards by *exceſſive* Vomiting; but why ſuch violent Vomiting neceſſary, to force up a little Choler from the *Duodenum*, when the *Pylorus* is not aſleep? To conclude, your Doctor never yet ſaw the Con-

tents of the Stomach ting'd with Bile in any of his Diſſections, unleſs it were an Icteric Caſe,

Thou ſeeſt, my dear *Mouché*, what Pains I take to anſwer all thy Queries out of pure Compaſſion to thy Ignorance; and I think I have been very ſerious, as you deſired; theſe Objections removed the Doctor's whole Syſtem falls; his whole Scheme is erected on this narrow Baſis, ſet up like a *Gigg* upon a ſmall Point, which he afterwards whips through two hundred and ſeventy Pages, knowing it would never ſtand by it ſelf.

Scar. You might have ſaid like a *Town Top*, for every Body takes a Laſh at it. Upon the whole, I own, I never heard ſo much ſaid againſt him before; but ſince you will not allow of his Way of accounting for Cogitation, Muſcular Motion, and other Actions of Life; give me leave to attack your general received Syſtem of Nervous Operations: * "Will you engage to prove "the Exiſtence of your beloved *Mephiſtophi-* "*li*, the Animal Spirits? An Apparation "of any of which no one ever yet ſaw.

Harl. Faith, *Scaramouch*, thou art as bad at an Attack, as a Defence; why Man! doſt think we mean Hob-Goblins, or Fairies, by Animal Spirits? But come, it is artfully done, to put us upon the Proof of their Exiſtence, when thou art reſolved to take none, but what

* Page 15.

what we don't pretend to give, that is, to make them Objects of the Sight. We mean nothing by them, but the finer Fluids of the Body, that are capable of permeating the curious Texture of the Nerves, and actuate them in their ſeveral Offices; and we ſuppoſe them not ſubject to the Senſes any more than the Cavities of the Nerves themſelves; is there any Abſurdity in all this? Either in the Suppoſition, or the Name of Spirits? Don't we technically ſo call, all the more ſubtle Fluids, as Spirit of Turpentine, Wine, Harts-horne, *&c?*

SCAR. Ay, my dear *Harlequin*, but we ca^n ſee them.

HARL. O! can we ſo; and we can ſee, I ſuppoſe, the Volatile Effluvia of a Bottle of Sal-Ammoniac? Or is there any ſuch Effluvia? For ſhame, for ſhame, don't trifle ſo; and Oh! that pretty Word you have got, *Mephiſtophili*, the Etymology, pray? might we not we with greater Juſtneſs, call your confounded eructating *Bilioſe Salts*, from their *Sulphureæ Mephites*, *Mephitophili*?

SCAR. Well, enjoy your Spirits if you will, but don't put your Nerves upon us, thoſe Fiddle-ſtrings of the Machine, which are only ſo many * *Chordæ Tenſæ, and pediſſequi to the Arteries throughout the Body*; *Hippocrates* himſelf calls a Nerve indifferently, νεῦρον or τένων, and I hope you'll take his Authority.

HARL.

* *Woodward*, Page 12.

HARL. I see you have learnt your Lesson very well, *Scarré*; but pray tell your Master *Hippocr.* uses that Word νεῦρον, indifferently for a Nerve, Tendon, or Ligament, but generally for the two last. The Truth is, I believe, that the *Greshamite*, was resolv'd to model his System in a Military Way, if one may guess from his Metaphorical Expressions of Conflicts, Attacks, Detachments, *&c.* Now it would have been an unpardonable Achronism in a Man of his polite Taste, to have framed an Allegory, from the Ancient Way of fighting; so that Nervus smells too strong of the Bow-string, to be admitted into the Scheme; wherefore he judiciously chose to improve his Theory, by the Pattern of modern Gun-powder, which owes its Energy and Explosion to inordinate *Colluctations* of contending Salts; and as it causes great *Devastations* and *Perturbations* in the *Macrocosm*; so it was easy to make the *Bile* do the same in the *Microcosm.*

SCAR. All this is mighty well, *Harlequin*; but there is one Thing you will ne'er get over.

HARL. Good *Scarré*, let us into that.

SCAR. Why then * "I must *require* you, either to affirm or deny, that the Stomach doth rest upon the *Aorita*; and to shew Reasons, that it is not likely, that so great "and

* Pag. 17.

" and ſurprizing Effects ſhou'd ariſe from " thence; don't *Shuffle*, nor *Bambouzle*, but an- " ſwer me directly.

HARL. You muſt *require* me! *require* me! what now, *Mouché*, are you *Bidding* of *Phyſic*? and putting that upon me, which you can't do your ſelf? But I ſhall deal plainly with you, without *Shuffling*, and tell you it does not reſt upon the *Aorta*; and conſequently not likely to produce ſuch ſurprizing Effects: Are you ſatisfied now? If not, I tell you, when the Trunk is erect in ſtanding or ſitting, the Stomach reſts upon the Inferior Contents of the *Abdomen*; and when reclined, upon the Diaphragm, (above your belov'd *Curb*) which likewiſe ſupports it from preſſing on the great Artery, and this I maintain, ſo go to your Maſter for new Inſtructions.

SCAR. I muſt own, I did not expect that Anſwer, and I ſhall think of it; but before we part, pray tell me whether there † " can ' a more natural Reaſon or Cauſe of Old ' Age and Death be given, than what the ' Doctor advances about the Obſtructions " and Failure of the Lacteal Veins, in the ' Meſentery. If you know another more pro- ' bable, pray aſſign it, and I'll engage it will ' be received without the Grins and Grima- ' ces with which you treat this.

HARL.

† Page 16.

HARL. Thou art ſuperlatively ſilly, *Scaramouch*; 'tis not poſſible for me to be ſerious any longer. I don't queſtion, but thou art of Opinion, that this wonderful Doctor can make thee as immortal, by his Oily Draughts, as *Aſgill* by Faith, by preſerving thy Lacteals from Obſtructions, which conſequently ſecures thee from Death and Old Age: I hope, in time, to ſee a Diſſertation of his, concerning the Tree of Life; no doubt it was a Noble Deobſtruent; and in all probability the *Unctuous* Almond-Tree it ſelf. As for the Tree of Knowledge, we expect no Account of it from him; for the World juſtly doubts, whether he be of the *Adamite Race* or no, from his great Unlikeneſs, in every Reſpect, to the reſt of that Species.

SCAR. But why different in every Reſpect? Has he not Eyes, Ears, Noſe, Mouth, and Brain like other People?

HARL. Yes, *Scarré*, but if he does not make the ſame Uſe of them, they may more properly be called a *Luſus Naturæ*; but to be ſhort, I refer you to that great Foreigner *Bombaſt ab Ohenheim*, in his Philoſophical Treatiſe *de Generatione Stultorum*: Where he ſays, *Vulcanus Sculpſit Hominem; in Sculptura autem, & Generatione Stultorum, Vulcanus ipſemet præſto non eſt, ſed Tyrones tantum Corruptores.* Now as thy Doctor is quite different from other Models, we may conclude, him the Work of ſome Underſtrapper. He afterwards proves that

that Folly conſiſts wholly in the Matter it ſelf, of which the Perſon is made, and not in the Soul, which I am really inclined to believe: For daily Experience ſhews us, how great a *Sympathy* there is between ſuch Bodies, (according to the old Philoſophy) or by the New, how ſtrong an *Attraction* or *Tendendency* to one another. I chuſe to quote this Author, becauſe I think him, as clear and intelligible as the Greſhamite you ſo much admire.

SCAR. I tell you what I think intelligible, " * the Doctor's Method of Practice in gi- " ving *Oils* and Unctuous Medicines; I take " that *Diſcovery* of the *Benefit* of *Oil* and its " Application, to have been the *greateſt* that " hath for a long while been made in the " *Medicinal Art*; and yet you wou'd fain make " it ridiculous and uſeleſs.

HARL. Indeed, *Scarré*, it is *He* that makes it *ridiculous* and *uſeleſs*, by promiſcuouſly giving *Oils*, in all Caſes; their Uſe is as old as Phyſic, and *Phyſicians* in *All Ages* have taken Care to let us know when they are of Benefit, and when noxious: Dr. *Woodward* alone has made Oil a *Panacea*, and I never yet ſaw any Pretenſions to an Univerſal Medicine, where there were any any to common Senſe.

SCAR. But pray why do you find fault with Vomits, and other evacuating Medicines.

* Page 16.

HARL. We don't, my dear *Mouché*, but we are not for Vomits in a *Pleuriſie* or an *Hæmoptoe*, * or for giving ſtrong Purges to chuſe, in the weakeſt Conditions.

SCAR. But pray, † " if the Doctor will be " ſo kind to attend a Vomit himſelf, is it like- " ly to have the worſe Effect, by having its " Operation performed in the Preſence of " him that preſcribes it?

HARL. O! by no means, *Scarré*, it will certainly work the better; and his tempering the ſeveral different Liquors with his *Finger*, is a Thought far beyond that of a *Feather*.

SCAR. ** " But I grow ſick of ſuch poor " Stuff, and uneaſy to ſee the moſt uſeful " Deſigns to promote the Health, and Eaſe " of my Fellow-Creatures; ridicul'd by a few " envious and malicious Men; *** and thus " I ſhall take my leave of you *at preſent*.

HARL. Poor dear, tender-hearted Creature, that thou ſhoud'ſt be ſick out of pure Concern for other People! But be comforted, that none of thoſe enviouss, malicious Men, will have the Advantage of the Doctor's Preſcriptions; and his own Friends will; but then alas! they will be daily decreaſing in Number; and ſo thou wilt take thy Leave *at preſent*? Well, good by, *Scarré*: But when ever

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* *Vide* Woodward. † Page 18. ** Ibid.
*** Pag. 18.

ever thou haſt a Mind to divert the Town again, let me know of it, for thou wilt make nothing of it by thy ſelf; and if thou art ſo diſpoſed, we'll entertain it once a Quarter, with a *Petite Piece*. *Adieu*, Scaramouch.

N. B. Harlequin has been informed, that the Riddle of *Sarum Mortimer* (mention'd in Page 7th) will be unfolded when the Hiſtory of *Kent* is Publiſh'd.

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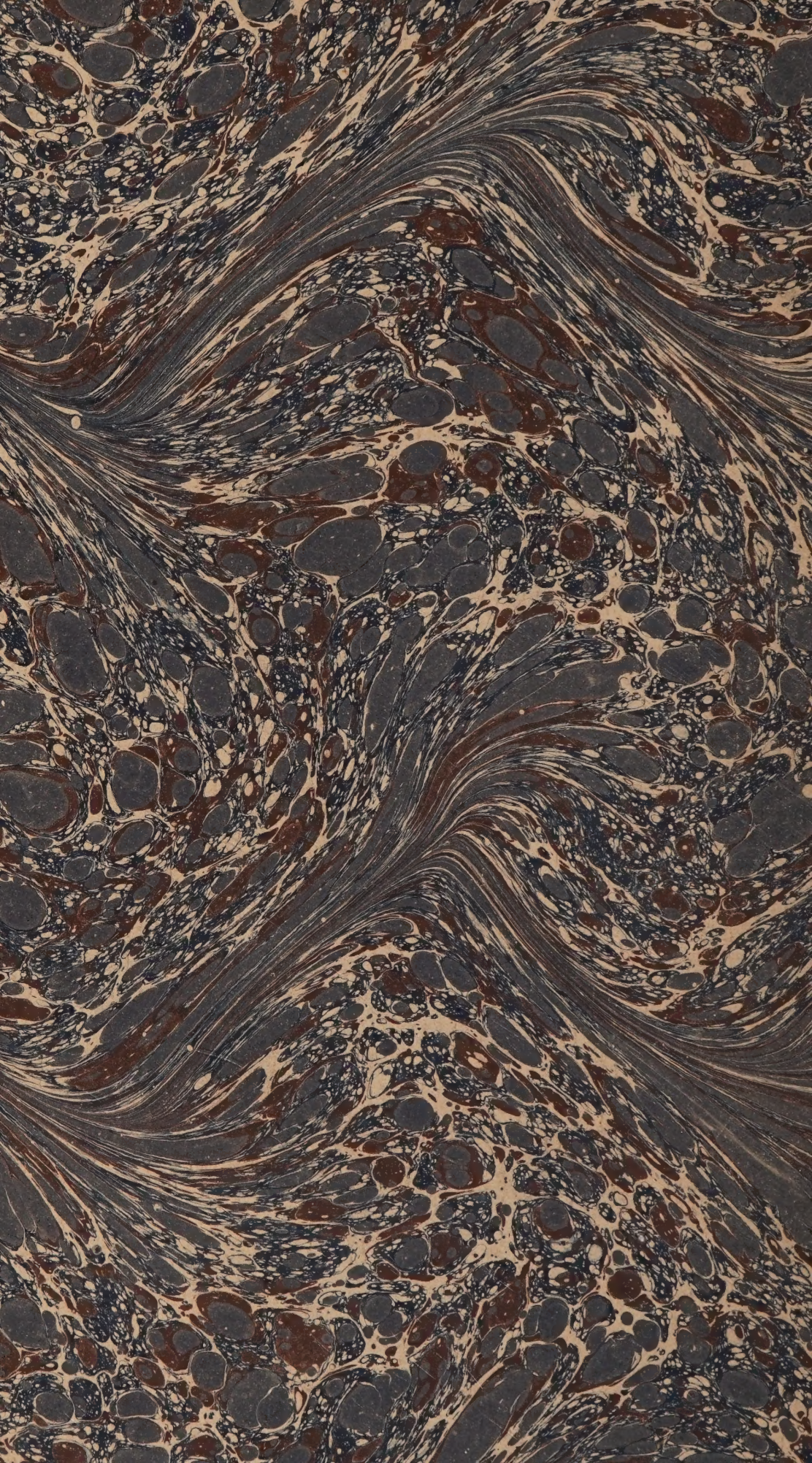
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